

# FREE THEATER TICKETS

A Beautiful Picture Film of  
**YOSEMITE VALLEY**  
Is now being exhibit d at the

# ART THEATER

All Ladies who have entered as candidates in the **BULLETIN'S POPULAR VOTING CONTEST**, or desire to do so, will be given Complimentary Tickets to the Art Theater. This offer is good only until Saturday evening. Tickets are good for both Matinee and Evening shows.

In addition to the Yosemite Views an interesting program of pictures and music is given at the Art.  
Apply for tickets to the

Contest Manager, Bulletin Office

## 3000---Free Votes---3000

IN THE BULLETIN'S GREAT DOUBLE POPULAR-VOTE CONTEST

PRIZES—FIVE FREE TRIPS, FOR FIVE POPULAR LADIES OF HAWAII, TO YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK AND TOUR OF CALIFORNIA.

**T**HE ACCOMPANYING NOMINATING BALLOTS are good for 3000 FREE VOTES in the Evening Bulletin's GREAT DOUBLE POPULAR-VOTE CONTEST which opens SATURDAY, March 5, 1910, and if clipped out and properly filled in, will entitle the woman whose name appears thereon to 3000 Votes. These coupons must be properly filled in, giving the full name and address and the district in which the candidates live, and must be deposited at the EVENING BULLETIN office on or before MARCH 5.

Each contestant is allowed only one of these ballots, and if more than one appears for the same contestant, they will be thrown out and not counted.

Remember, the contest opens SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1910, and those who intend proposing some young woman in this popularity race should do so at once. All you have to do to enter someone of your choice is to clip this coupon from this issue of the BULLETIN and mail or bring same to the BULLETIN office, and when the first announcement of the names is made she will have 3000 votes opposite her name.

You may, if you wish, nominate candidates for both a Trip and Chaperone Contestant.

### Chaperone Contestant Nomination Coupon

Good for 3000 Votes until  
5 p.m. Saturday, March 5th

I hereby nominate as a candidate in the Evening Bulletin's Double Popular-Vote Contest, for Trip Chaperone,

Mrs. ....  
Address .....  
Nominated by .....

Only the first Nomination Coupon received for each candidate will count for 3000 votes. Fill out all the lines of this coupon and mail or bring to the Contest Department, Evening Bulletin, Honolulu, T. H.

3000 Votes

You may, if you wish, nominate candidates for both a trip and Chaperone Contest.

### Trip Contestant Nomination Coupon

Good for 3000 Votes until  
5 p.m. Saturday, March 5th

I hereby nominate as a candidate in the Evening Bulletin's Double Popular-Vote Contest, for Trip Contestant in District No. ....

Miss .....  
Address .....  
Nominated by .....

Only the first Nomination Coupon received for each candidate will count for 3000 votes. Fill out all the lines of this coupon and mail or bring to the Contest Department, Evening Bulletin, Honolulu, T. H.

3000 Votes

Address all inquiries to

Manager, Contest Department,  
Evening Bulletin,  
Honolulu, T. H.

JAMES B. MC SWANSON will have charge of the contest for the Bulletin.  
OFFICE HOURS—11 a. m. to 1 p. m.; 3:30 p. m. to 4:30 p. m.

## SPORTS

Local and National

BY V. L. STEVENSON.

### JOHNSON AND JEFF ARE SUMMED UP

It is a tradition of the prize ring that Jeffries has never dared to hit a man with his full strength for fear of killing him, writes Harry C. Carr in the Los Angeles Times.

In time, and by painstaking effort, Jeffries finally learned to box well, with a sort of heavy bovine skill of execution.

It must be confessed, however, that most of his fights were won more by his overpowering gigantic strength than by any other quality.

One of his fiercest fights was with Tom Sharkey, a rough, ignorant sailor. It resembled a collision of two locomotives. Jeffries was the stronger locomotive. Bob Fitzsimmons lashed him with blows over the eyes until Jeffries was almost blind; but became exhausted by the effort of pounding this mountain of strength. At the end of his last fight with Jim Corbett, the latter said as they were carrying him to his corner: "It's no use; he's too big and strong." Strength has always been his big asset.

In all these fights, Jeffries showed ability to endure punishment—but no such sublime indifference to blows as is shown by natural-born fighters like Nelson.

The truth is, Jeffries never developed any remarkable talent for fighting. If Young Corbett or Bat Nelson or Terry McGovern had been Jim Jeffries' size any one of them could have whipped a whole regiment of Jeffries.

Jeffries was not a sport. He had no talent for heroics. His interests were cautious and respectable. He was afraid of being a hero. Newspaper reports at first terrified him; then bored him. They tried to make him an actor; and the result was something strange and wonderful. Jeffries realized it. Every time he came off the stage into the wings, he would complain bitterly that they were making a fool of him.

For the same reason he never would be interviewed. Reporters never got anything out of him but monosyllables.

When he had fought every one who presented himself, Jeffries retired; got married; became a rancher; loaned his name to a saloon, and became a staid, well-behaved man of business.

His return to the ring was brought about solely by the chance to make a great deal of easy money. Perhaps, also, a little, on account of the prejudice, born of his iron-worker days, against a negro, and his secret respect for the championship.

Any fighter with theatrical instincts would have burst back into the ring with a blast of defiance; but, in his slow, earnest way, Jeffries would not at first give an answer, because he said (unheroically) he was not sure he could win!

That's the sort of man upon whom the "fighting heart" of the negro race is to be tried. In a word, Jeffries is a commonplace, uninteresting mechanic, with enormous strength and a full supply of Anglo-Saxon determination of spirit.

Now for Jack Johnson:

Whatever Jeffries lacks in picturesque quality, is made up by Johnson, the negro.

Johnson is the kind of sporty "coon" you read about in comic papers. He is a minstrel joke—a scream—a cake walk.

A logician could see Johnson and deduct (or rather "induct") the jungles of South Africa. Seeing Johnson arrayed in his diamonds the day after winning a prize fight, the thoughtful visitor from Mars would know that somewhere on this earth there must be savages who hang rings through

He has the mind of a child or a barbarian.

Most of his early fights were in Los Angeles. He was practically the slave of his manager, at that period.

The manager supported him and thus acquired the right to nearly all his winnings. After each fight his "manager" would hand him a few dollars and Johnson would burst upon the risalo, blazing with paste diamonds, broad-soled shoes and the most astounding striped shirts.

His wife would appear in new furs, no matter what the season, and imitation diamonds as big as saucers. Thus attired, they would tread up and down Spring street with hauteur and the elegance that only a dressed-up darkey can assume.

In a week they would be broke and hanging pathetically upon the favor of the white manager again for po' chops.

Johnson still has the same tendencies; only now his diamonds are real and he substitutes fast-going automobiles for his majestic cake walk up and down the actors' promenade.

As soon as he had become champion, he discarded his negro wife for the more elegant white variety.

The ambition of his life is to rush speed in a racing automobile and be stared at. Being arrested for speeding and paying his fine from a pocket bulging with money is his idea of being impressive.

He likes to use big words that mean nothing in particular. He is delighted to accept invitations to deliver lectures before associations of colored people. Having been around so much with men of affairs, and having been in the public eye for so long, Johnson has picked up a sort of "patter" and an etiquette, both of which he practices with execrable elegance.

Result: In the art of being interviewed, he makes Jeffries look like a dumb.

The Animal.

Is it not perfectly obvious that a simple child of the jungle like this darkey with his "coon" diamonds and his striped shirts could not direct his marvelous fighting defense by conscious thought?

It follows that Johnson is more nearly the perfect animal than Jeffries. He has the advantage of being the more primitive brute.

Jeffries, the prize fighter, is the product of painful conscious effort; Johnson of an agility that is unthought and purely instinctive.

In the Darwinian days, Jeffries was a big old water buffalo and Johnson was a panther; but it is evident that, after Jeffries left the jungle, Johnson stuck around and practiced for a few million years. Neither, you will observe, is the fighting type of animal, in the sense of being pugnacious. The buffalo and the panther fight when they have to.

### Ball Player Shows Different Form

Queer are the variations and the moods of baseball and baseball players. Queer, also, are the parts played by different players against different teams, says the New York Evening Telegram.

Last year Osborne, of the "Phillies," was deemed too slow for that delicate collection of Peace Society apostles. So Murray sent him to Rochester to improve as a ball player.

He probably improved. In any event he batted well enough to help the Rochester team a long way toward winning the championship, and for that reason John Gansel couldn't see how he got much the worst of the deal.

There was one team in the National League which was not cast down with grief when Osborne left to go to Rochester. He may have been a poor ball player in some respects, but he may have been only a mediocre ball player in other respects, but he was always some pumpkins of a ball player whenever Philadelphia played the New York club.

Philadelphia folks didn't think that he was much of a fielder. Perhaps they were right, but if at any time during a game with New York some Philadelphia player made a catch of a fly hit which seemed to be as safe as stock in the First National Bank, Osborne was sure to be the man. There might be three men on bases and some New York player at bat who hit the ball hard enough for a home run, but if Osborne never made another catch during the week he would get out far enough to pull the ball down with one hand, and if he made a base hit, or a

two-base hit, he would be sure to get it home against the Giants, and then let up for another two or three games before he made any more.

Possibly that is why Philadelphia's luck against New York turned after Osborne left for Rochester. The "Phillies" stopped winning when Osborne was no longer a member of the team.

### Freddie Welsh Wants Bat Nelson

Over in his own native Wales, Freddie Welsh, the British lightweight champion, is lashing himself into a fury because of his failure to drag Battling Nelson into a contest for the world's premiership in the 133-pound division.

Welsh, who has established a fully equipped press bureau, keeps sending out defiance and criticisms for which the Durable Dane is the target. His latest exhortation of Nelson is dated Cardiff, January 4th. It has already appeared in the English sporting papers and typewritten copies of it have been mailed to the various sporting writers of the United States. It purports to be a complete history of the Welsh-Nelson vendetta and it is highly interesting in parts, particularly where it treats of the monetary demands made by Nelson at various times when offered matches with Welsh both in England and America.

"How long may Battling Nelson hold the title of lightweight champion of the world while refusing to meet a qualified and legitimate challenger?" asks Welsh in his circular letter.

Freddie, by the way, overlooks the fact that while he has been taking life easy around Pontypridd, an American youngster named Al Wolgast has forged to the front sufficiently to be regarded as "a qualified and legitimate challenger" for the world's lightweight championship.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but in the pugilistic world it isn't as mighty as the glove, for while Welsh has been composing scathing articles about Nelson, Wolgast has been fighting himself into the good graces of the promoters and the public generally. It looks at this writing as though Al has stolen a march on Freddie, for no matter where the event takes place, a Wolgast-Nelson bout will constitute the next tussle for the lightweight title.

Proceeding with his arraignment of Nelson, Welsh says: "I have met every lightweight of note in America and England, and have defeated them all. I have always been ready to meet any lightweight in the world. I have endeavored for two years to get Nelson to meet me and he has persistently refused on one pretext or another. My position now is that by performances I am the real lightweight champion of the world, while Nelson is only a self-called champion."

Welsh then gives a rather prosy recital of his two years of effort to bring about a meeting with Nelson. He says that at one time he put up a certified check for \$5000 to go as a side bet and that Nelson refused to cover it.

According to Welsh, the nearest he ever came to getting a fight with the "coy Dane," as he calls Nelson, was when the latter's manager came to him and said he could have a ten-round bout in New York on conditions that Welsh agreed to fight for nothing and on a "no-decision" basis. Says Welsh, "I refused this magnificent offer." He explains further along that the New York Club had offered ten thousand dollars for the match and that Nelson wanted every dollar of the sum mentioned.

Coming down to more recent date, Welsh says that if having appeared in American and English papers that Nelson had signified his willingness to box twenty rounds in England if a purse of \$20,000 was provided, a responsible promoter with headquarters at Cardiff cabled Nelson that he would offer the amount designated. Then came word that Nelson wanted \$23,000 "for himself," on receipt of which information there was much disgust around Pontypridd.

Welsh says that after conferring with the matchmakers he sent a cablegram to Nelson promising that a purse of \$23,000 would be forthcoming if Nelson would agree to box on a winner take all basis. To this, says Welsh, there has been no response and he is beginning to despair of getting Nelson into a ring.

### Kitchell And Papke In Pursuit Race

From the looks of things, it will be quite a while before either Billy Papke or Stanley Kitchell is seen in an American ring. For that matter, it seems as though the two crack middleweights are about to engage in a kind of pursuit race that will take them clear around the world.

Kitchell has been offered matches by foreign promoters, and is planning to leave here so as to be in shape to box Tom Thomas, the British middleweight champion, in London next June. If successful Kitchell will continue his journey to Australia, where a fight with Tommy Burns can be his for the asking.

Papke is already on his way across the Atlantic. He sailed from New York on Sunday, and will make his first stop in Paris. Willie Lewis and Harry Lewis, a couple of American pugilists, are to box in the city named on February 6th, and two weeks later Papke will meet the winner.

Before embarking Papke said he was confident of this ability to defeat either of the Lewises in twelve rounds, and that after his February bout in the French capital he would jump over to England and try to get on with Tom Thomas before the National Sporting Club.

When Kitchell hears of this he may hasten his departure for the French side, for, in addition to trying to forestall Kitchell with Thomas, Papke speaks of continuing on to Australia, where he says he has been promised a fight with Bill Lang, the champion of that country. It may be that it is Tommy Burns Papke has an eye on, and in such case there is much danger in delay so far as Kitchell is concerned.

The Grand Rapids fellow may find by the time he has reached Australia that Papke has nosed him out of every match at present in prospect. In such case the only thing left for Kitchell to do would be to turn round and fight Papke in far Kangaroo land.

At present Kitchell's name and Kitchell's fame appeal to the Australian sports, but there is no telling what may happen if Papke is the first to invade that country. Within the past couple of days Kitchell, who is at present in Grand Rapids, has turned down a flattering offer cabled him by Hugh McIntosh, the Australian promoter. McIntosh wants Kitchell to figure in three contests, one with Tommy Burns, another with Bill Lang, and a third with an opponent to be named later. McIntosh says that the three bouts will net Kitchell close to \$40,000.

Kitchell cabled a refusal and, in explanation of his action, says he wants to meet Tom Thomas, the Britisher, first and gain for himself the title of undisputed middleweight champion of the world. After that he will be quite willing to go to Australia and box Tommy Burns.

It is quite possible though that Kitchell may busy himself and decide to get to work on his foreign contracts a little earlier, now, that Papke has started out before him.

Louis Blot of the Metropolitan Athletic Club expected to feature either Papke or Kitchell—and for that matter, perhaps, both of them—for his March attraction in this city. Blot's first idea was a Papke-Langford match and if that fell through he intended to fall back upon a Papke-Kitchell bout. As both Papke and Kitchell have determined to try their luck abroad Blot will have to get along without them.

### Additional Sports on Page 7

#### BAND CONCERT.

The following program will be rendered by the Hawaiian band this evening at half-past seven o'clock at the Moana Hotel:  
March—The Bersaglieri ..... Ellenberg  
Overture—The Road to Glory ..... Killing  
Intermezzo—Frivolous Cupid ..... Lohse  
Reminiscences of Verdi ..... Godfrey  
Vocal—Hawaiian Songs ..... by Berger  
Selection—Sunday Parade ..... Hume  
Fantasia—Beautiful Peacock ..... Weinrich  
Waltz—Oriental Roses ..... Ivanovich  
The Star Spangled Banner.

As a usual thing, the woman who speaks plainly looks that way.—Dallas News.